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An  
Itinerant  
Preacher.



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AN ITINERANT PREACHER;

OR,

*Sketches from the Life*

OF THE

REV. CHARLES HAIME.

BY HIS SON,

THE REV. F. C. HAIME.

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HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.,

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## P R E F A C E.

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I HAVE endeavoured to depict Charles Haime as he was, a plain, strong-limbed, strong-hearted, strong-willed, strong-voiced Methodist preacher of the olden time. I have been urged to the work by friends who wished to have a sketch of the man. I have complied *reluctantly*, partly because I have neither the practised pen, nor the ready style of the acceptable writer; but chiefly because the Church is already deluged with biographies, some good, more bad, but the most indifferent: still, friends having asked for a memoir of my father, I have endeavoured to give it. If they are satisfied, I shall be content; and if further good is done, I shall be abundantly repaid.

F. C. H.





# AN ITINERANT PREACHER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### FAMILY NAME.

“Who hath despised the day of small things!”  
BUT for the grace of God, in connexion with Wesleyan Methodism, our family name might have remained unknown beyond the neighbourhood of my father’s native place, in the parish of Compton, Dorsetshire. He there first saw the light October 11th, 1775.

In the same neighbourhood, the well-known John Haime spent his early days, and after a while enlisted as a soldier. Being converted through the grace of God, he became eminent as a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, having left the army, he was employed by John Wesley as one of the

pioneers in Cornwall. Though not warmly welcomed at the first, yet he pursued his course, heedless of toil and hunger and abuse. There he gained many a trophy for Christ; and in after life found a friend in Mr. Hoskins of Cubert, who cared for him with most Christian kindness, and endeavoured to cheer him in a time of deep despondency. In the same county, at a later period, Charles Haime was still more successful in winning souls to Christ. He entered the ministry about fifteen years after the death of John Haime. He at once attracted some attention as the soldier's nephew, and, being his equal in zeal and his superior in strength of nerve and settled purpose, he speedily became famed for his sayings and doings. Between the two Methodists there were many points of resemblance, and, but for a singular interposition of Providence, that resemblance would have been greater. During the great European war, the nephew was pressed for a soldier. This was done through the instigation of some who hated his religion and fiery zeal. They may have

rejoiced greatly as they saw him led off to the soldiers' quarters ; but if so, their rejoicing was of short duration. On the following Sabbath he was ordered to prepare for the usual drill : he refused, firmly declaring that "six days he would obey their orders," but "the seventh was the Sabbath of the Lord his God ; in it he would do no manner of work." The officer stormed and threatened ; but in vain. The pressed recruit stood unmoved amid the derisive looks of his comrades and the oath-clad threats of the officer, who at length bade him lay aside his soldier's garb, and go about his business. This order was willingly obeyed—the unwelcome dress was speedily doffed ; and the business for which God designed him at once resumed. The officer's farewell word was the unconscious echo of the command which he had received from the Captain of his salvation—Go and preach the Gospel ; and, assured that he was thus called, he went in the afternoon of the same day to a neighbouring village and proclaimed to a listening group the glad tidings of salvation.

The importance of a firm refusal to do wrong is worthy of special note. Had fear prevented the decisive and repeated No, the young Christian would have brought guilt upon his conscience, and leanness into his soul; he would have been shorn of his strength, and most probably doomed to a soldier's life and death; but conscience said No, and his lips said No, and God arranged the result. Happy would it be for hundreds if the same course were always adopted, and the temptation to do wrong met with a deliberate negative at the very outset. Many a man has been ruined through lack of this. Many a man has gone from the sanctuary to the tavern or the theatre or some other haunt of vice, and at length has gone down to the prison and up to the gallows, because he could not say No. Many more have blighted life's prospects and cursed themselves for ever, through the same fatal failure :

“ This one word for ever failed them,  
 Source of all their pain and woe ;  
 Luckless ones ! they could not say it,  
 Could not, dare not, answer No ! ”

For some time Charles Haime kept up a kind of guerilla warfare, unrecognised by the church of his choice and uncommissioned by any of its ministers. He conferred not with flesh and blood, his own or other's; but, without deeming himself a preacher, felt inwardly moved to attack any group of rebels that he could meet with and charge them in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to lay down their arms. Some brave youths in the present day dare only do that in the consecrated place, where the law forbids any retort from the other side; but he met them on their own grounds, where they might do what they would, and oftentimes they mobbed and pelted him in return. He generally went on the Sabbath morning to the nearest place of worship, that he might hear the preached word; and then, in the afternoon, sallied forth to some benighted spot, and endeavoured simply and earnestly to warn the ungodly of their sin and danger, at the same time making known the Saviour. If deeply impressed with the morning sermon, the afternoon's discourse would be its echo,

and the thoughts which struck him most forcefully would be thrown off again in the prayerful hope that they would strike others. The erratic evangelist was well known to the superintendent of the circuit, and having heard of his doings, he testified his approval by placing his name on the list of exhorters for the Salisbury circuit. This first plan he carefully preserved ; and, a few weeks before his death, he informed me that it was still in his possession. The precious relic, however, has not come to light, but with other valuable papers has been unfortunately lost.

## CHAPTER II.

### HIS CONVERSION.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

WHILST contrasting John and Charles Haime we have gone a-head of our story, and must retrace our steps, that we may notice the nephew's conversion. Of his early days very little is known. He was a shepherd on Salisbury Plain before he became an itinerant shepherd, caring for the Lord's flock, here and there gathering in scores and hundreds from the wilds of sin. He was a fine specimen of the Saxon—he had the build, and the gait, and the beautiful blue eye of the far-famed race; he was nearly six feet in height, broad shouldered and large boned; and looked well able to maintain his rights



against all comers. He had a farm nigh-by, where an aged father and mother lived, and were well cared for by their son, both before and after his entrance upon the ministry of the Church, till the year 1816, when they both died within a few months of each other, peacefully trusting in the Atonement. Of his mother he ever spoke in glowing terms, as everything that a mother could be. In this there may have been filial partiality; and so be it: we envy not the heart of that man who loves not a mother's memory. That the family was unaccustomed to Methodist preaching is certain; they had heard of Wesley preaching in the neighbourhood, but had not curiosity enough to go and hear him: they were, probably, good churchgoers; and having heard of Methodist heresies and disturbances, mayhap in connexion with the uncle's strange career (for he had lately visited Shaftesbury and preached to thousands, many of whom were converted thereby, but the preacher was arrested and committed to prison), they prudently kept aloof. The subject of this sketch on the

week-day carefully tended his sheep, and they knew his voice, and would follow him ; then on the Sunday he would stroll in the country alone or with companions. On one of these Sabbath-day rambles he accidentally or providentially came to a Methodist chapel, and out of curiosity turned in. He listened to the sermon without any special emotion ; but whilst the preacher was giving out the last hymn he felt as he had never felt before, and inwardly resolved that when the people knelt to pray he would kneel with them. Turning round, he saw in another part of the chapel one of his associates ; this altered his resolve, for he said to himself, "Should Sanders see me kneeling in a Methodist chapel he would laugh at me." The service of song having ended, the people knelt down, and the preacher commenced his intercessions with God for a present blessing ; and not in vain. Religious convictions deepened in the mind of the wanderer who had turned in ; not to worship God, but to while away the hour. He longed to fall on his knees, and seek mercy. Glancing again at his companion,

he perceived that he was kneeling, and he at once assumed the same position. The Divine Spirit was at work in both hearts; angels, doubtless, saw and said, Behold! they pray. Souls aglow with Christ-like sympathy observed their movements, and offered them the help of fellowship, which was thankfully accepted. The young men had left the chapel, and, avoiding each other, wended their way to their own homes. They had been invited to the same class, perhaps the only one, though by different members, and unknown to each other. With some surprise they thus met in the Methodist class meeting. Having obtained pardon, they declared, in the same meeting, what God had done for them, and together set out for the kingdom. They continued faithful to the end. The one, living in his own native place, adorned the Gospel by a consistent profession; whilst the other, as a Wesleyan minister, so lived and preached the word, that many were constrained to glorify God in him.

My father's conversion was not so early in life as the conversion of most who are after-

wards distinguished for usefulness; but it must be borne in mind that he was not brought up amid Gospel privileges nor accustomed to a Gospel ministry. The time of his conversion may be gathered from the following memorandum, which was found amongst some of his papers:—

		Age.	Real Life.	Tra- velled.
Born St. Michaelmas Day,				
Oct. 11 . . . . .	1775	..	..	..
Born again . . . . .	1797	22	..	..
Began to preach . . . . .	1800	25	3	..
Began to travel . . . . .	1804	29	7	..
	1854	79	57	50

## CHAPTER III.

### CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

“When it pleased God to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.”

CHARLES HAIME's earliest attempts at preaching have already been noticed. Without much form his name had been placed on the plan as an exhorter, and very nearly as informal was his entrance into the ministry; but his was a special case, and he lived in special times. We here insert a letter which he wrote to the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, the chairman of the Bristol district, in 1839, with reference to his retirement from the full work of the ministry; it is a review of

his ministerial life, a page of autobiography of which he had no need to be ashamed before men, though before God he humbly confessed himself an unprofitable servant.

“Newport, June 1, 1839.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“In the year 1800 I began as a local preacher in the Salisbury circuit, (my first plan, by Mr. Horner, I have now); then I was called out by Mr. Longley to supply the place of a young man who left the work in the Salisbury circuit. For years I was employed by Dr. Coke as a home missionary in the north of Devon, now three good circuits, Barnstaple, Bideford, Holsworthy; then I had another mission, which took in (parts of) Somerset, Dorset, and Devon, now also three circuits, South Petherton, Bridport, and Axminster. After this I was in the great revival—at it night and day; conversions by hundreds and thousands, and many believers made perfect in love. I had a back for any bed, a stomach for any food, a face for any weather, and strength for any

work. Moderation in religion I knew not. Thus I went on, in the name of the Lord, till a month since. Now my infirmities are many. From great strength I am brought to great weakness and giddiness in my head ; my voice also fails. And now, what do I feel ? what do I fear ? Almighty God ! save me from living to be good for nothing ! I pray that I may be of use in the country as a local preacher.

‘ If in this feeble flesh I may  
Awhile show forth Thy praise,  
Jesu, support the tottering clay,  
And lengthen out my days.’

“ Be so kind as to put me down for Newport, supernumerary not by age, accident, or disease, but by extraordinary labour in the Lord’s vineyard ; worn out in the work.”

Extraordinary labour ! to some this may sound like the boasting of the old man ; but the calm review of his life will prove that it was no vain boast. Few are the ministers, now or then, that could or would do what he did. He was a *labourer* in God’s vineyard, and never stinted time nor toil.

In the first plan here referred to, his name appeared as "an exhorter;" in this letter he describes himself as then a local preacher. There was a reason for this, which will also show that my father's work, as a preacher, commenced with extraordinary scenes. He had gone forth to exhort in some neglected village, and, whilst delivering his message, he was arrested by order of the man who had the cure of souls in that parish. He appeared to answer for his conduct before one of the magistrates, a certain "Squire Harris." The clergyman brought forward the charge, that this said Charles Huime had been preaching in his parish; without any thought of evasion or extenuation, he replied that he had not been preaching, but simply exhorting. The Squire very convincingly showed him that an exhorter was a preacher, and then asked him what right he had to go about preaching. All fear was taken away; and in answering the question he commenced preaching, though not exhorting, and that with such liberty and power, that the listening parson turned very pale, and



the listening magistrate felt deeply interested, and then said, "That is enough, I see you are called to preach; go about your business." As before he had willingly obeyed a similar command from a military officer, so he obeyed the command of this *civil* officer, therein fulfilling the behest of a higher power.

- The magistrate's lecture on "exhorters, *alias* preachers" was ever remembered, and to the last his plans only acknowledged "preachers and preachers on trial." As an exhorter and local preacher he continued to labour on till the year 1804. At the March quarterly meeting the Rev. Thos. Longley proposed that he should be recommended to the ensuing Conference as a fit candidate for the ministry. This was cordially agreed to by all, save the good old class-leader and himself. The former thought that he was already in a galloping consumption, and that the work of a travelling preacher would soon kill him; the latter deemed himself unfit for so great a work, and therefore hesitated. Time, however, has proved the mistake of

the former; and thousands of converted souls have also proved that, however unfit for the work the subject of this memoir may have been in himself, yet God had doubtless called him, and his sufficiency was of God. The quarterly meeting had scarcely passed when Mr. Longley's colleague retired from the work, and the following note was sent to Charles Haime by his affectionate superintendent:—

“MY DEAR CHARLES,

“As Mr. Sewell is gone home, I am in want of a helper. As at our last quarterly meeting you were proposed to travel, I hope you will now come out to the help of the Lord, at least to assist me on this circuit till Conference; and by that time I hope you will have made up your mind to go forward. It is the best work you can be engaged in. Do not, my dear lad, reason with flesh and blood, but herein give yourself and all into the hands of God and to His work, lest you grieve Him. Certainly God calls you, and His people call you, and I join with them in

the name of the Lord. Lay by your thrashing instruments and come forth to thrash the mountains, and God will help you. Any aid that I can give you shall not be wanting.

“ Yours affectionately,

“ THOS. LONGLEY.

“ Salisbury, April 11, 1804.”

In compliance with this earnest and loving entreaty, my father commenced his itinerancy where for several years he had been preaching indoors and out of doors, in city, town, and country. There also he had been brought up from childhood, either with his thrashing instruments in the barn, or with his flock on Salisbury Plain. It thus spoke well for his private as well as public life, that the people who had known him from the beginning called him to be their own minister. He still expected, at the ensuing Conference, to return to his former employment. In May the district meeting was held in the city, under the presidency of the Rev. Robert Smith, and during its sittings Charles

Haime was sent for. He obeyed the summons, under the impression that they wanted him to take some country appointment, or transact some business for them. Instead of this, he was informed that his superintendent had recommended him for the work of the ministry, and that the brethren wished to hear his views of Wesleyan doctrine and discipline. This was the first notice that he had received ; and without the opportunity of preparation he passed through the usual examination, and was recommended to the Conference.

In after years, when two of his sons were passing through the several local, district, and metropolitan examinations, as candidates for the ministry, this was often made the subject of pleasant remark. Trembling at the thought of trial sermons, we were told that he had never preached a trial sermon in his life ; preparing for the usual examinations, and, perhaps, seeking from him the solution of some theological difficulty, we should hear the remark, " I never spent an hour in preparing for my examination."

- But he spent days and nights afterwards in seeking a thorough acquaintance with Wesleyan theology; was well up with Wesley and Fletcher; and, without hesitancy, could at any time quote from their writings in support of the doctrines which he heartily believed and faithfully preached.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE HOME MISSIONARY.

"And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following."

DR. STEVENS, in his deeply interesting "History of Methodism," terms the itinerant ministers, as trained and drilled by Wesley, "the cavalry of Protestant Christendom." They were literally such when my father enlisted in their ranks. No preacher then was thoroughly equipped for his work without horse and saddle-bags. Thus furnished, he sallied forth after the next Conference to preach the Gospel in and around Ashburton. He there attracted the notice of Dr. Coke; and, on leaving Ashburton, was sent by him

as a home missionary to the north of Devon. His first station was termed "the vicinity of Collumpton;" but if practice decides the meaning of a word, either the station was misnamed or else "vicinity" was not then so restricted in its signification as it is now. I have heard him say that for the first twelvemonth he never slept two nights following in the same bed. The saddle-bags, which were then so essential a part of ministerial property, were well filled with things needful; and my father, mounted on his horse, would start on his mission tour, oftentimes not knowing whither, but resolved, wherever he found a group of houses, there to preach "Jesus, who delivers us from the wrath to come." He thus carried the Gospel into many a town and village hitherto unvisited; and though he met with much opposition, yet he was also cheered with great success.

In 1807 he kept to the same field of labour, though in "the Minutes" it was more definitely termed "the Bideford mission." A helper was provided for him, but he never made his appearance; mayhap

his heart failed him. My father was therefore left to toil on alone ; and yet not alone, for God was with him. Fourteen years after, he was re-appointed to this sphere of labour, then called "the Barnstaple circuit;" and found much of the fruit of his former toil : and when in 1850 I was appointed to the Bideford circuit, and in 1853 removed to the Barnstaple circuit, I found in both places several who remembered him as the missionary, and were through his labours brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

One or two circumstances which occurred during his North Devon mission tours may serve to illustrate the man and his work, and also give interesting variety to our narrative. On one occasion he had rambled on, till he came to a very romantic village in the north of Devon, called Clovelly. It is situated on the side of a steep cliff, and consists chiefly of one long, narrow street, running down to the sea beach. The houses on either side are small, and, viewed from a little distance, appear as though they were heaped one upon another. It is so precipitous that every stranger is



known by his walk, warily descending and with many a slip, whilst the natives move about as though on a level road. The surrounding scenery is beautiful, and we do not wonder that its inhabitants think no place like Clovelly. With some lovely terraces and villas erected here and there (and the sites for such buildings are many), it might become one of the choicest watering places in the north of Devon, notwithstanding the rare beauty and romantic grandeur of Ilfracombe and Lynton. My father entered at the foot of this village as the pioneer of Methodism; he led his horse up the narrow street, till, having nearly reached the top, he found a place of shelter for man and beast. Having seen his horse well tended, he hired a room for himself in the inn; and then sallied forth to make observations, and prepare for work. Some masons were fitting up a school-room; and he agreed with them for its use that evening. This done, the village crier was sent forth to publish for preaching that evening at 7 o'clock. Matters being thus arranged, he returned to his lodgings. Bread and milk

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served for his repast; and whilst he partook thereof, the crier's bell was heard and its accompanying announcement. The lonely missionary felt amused and encouraged as the man wound up with the expression, "I hope you'll all go and get better." He now on bended knee sought a fresh supply of spiritual strength for himself and the converting power of the Spirit for others; and the answer was nearer than he thought. Though unknown to the landlord as the missionary, yet the strange order—a basin of bread and milk—had excited curiosity; a beef-steak with jug of beer or glass of brandy or bottle of port would have seemed more fitting. What they said we know not; but one of the domestics stealthily approached the door to watch, little thinking that from that hour she would date a life of spiritual watchfulness. She heard the stranger's voice, as though engaged in earnest conversation with another. As the girl listened, she felt—Behold he prays. She continued to listen to his earnest wrestlings on behalf of sinners, till her own sinfulness was

deeply felt, and her own heart began to pray.

At the appointed hour, the missionary went to the unfinished school-room, and found it well filled ; a platform of inconvenient height had been erected, but no way of ascent. That they left to the preacher's agility. At the close of the service, he gave notice that he should preach there again that day fortnight, and on the following morning he pursued his course. On his return, he was informed that the clergyman of the parish had used his influence with the squire, so as to prevent the school-room being occupied again by the itinerant. A private room was offered and accepted. The word was preached there with power ; some were awakened, and at the close of the service were instructed how to proceed in true Methodistic custom, meeting one another in the weekly class for mutual confession, exhortation, and prayer. Clovelly was now placed on the plan, with week-night preaching once a fortnight. Still, the footing gained had to be fought for in order to be

retained. The parson and squire, aided by a more spiritual, wily, and powerful foe, earnestly resisted this innovation. As the preacher drew near the village to fulfil his next appointment, he was met by an individual with the tidings, that the squire had given strict injunction that, if any of his tenants allowed the Methodists to preach in their houses, they should at once be turned out. Nearly every house in the village belonged to him ; and he thought in this way to quench the movement at once. The informant, however, lived in his own house, and freely offered it for preaching, if it could be licensed. To this my father agreed ; and having requested the man to publish for preaching in his house the next evening, he turned his horse and rode to Exeter, secured the license, and returned ; never resting to refresh himself, except where it was needful to change horses or feed them. Arriving at the village before the appointed hour, he took possession of the new preaching place ; and being no longer subject to the aforementioned annoyance, he continued to preach

there the word of life at stated times, with the accompanying influences of the Holy Ghost. The cause thus commenced in Clovelly continues to the present day ; a neat chapel has been erected there ; and though nearly all who were brought in at the commencement have passed to the Church above, yet others have taken their place, and are found walking by the same rule and minding the same things. My first visit to Clovelly is deeply impressed on memory's tablet. It was a lovely Sabbath in September ; about two miles from the village I turned into the grounds of "the lord of Clovelly," and pursued my way along the carriage road : I was charmed with the lovely scenery and its Sabbatic stillness, when the village attracted my attention ; it was apparently nestled in the lap of peace. I stood awhile, and mused pleasantly and solemnly on the years that had intervened since my father's first visit ; and then on bended knees I prayed that, where my father had introduced the glad tidings of salvation, I might be permitted to proclaim them with

saving power. As I entered the village, several were looking out for the new preacher; but there was one who looked with special earnestness, and sought to trace in the son the lineaments of a much-loved father. It was my father's first convert, then a mother in Israel, a saint indeed, though at times sorely tried. Another incident in connexion with this village will further show the missionary's unfettered range, and child-like reliance on Divine direction. One morning as he left Clovelly, he was accosted by a stranger who earnestly requested that he would come and preach in the village where she resided, offering at the same time accommodation for man and beast, and a large room for the preaching. My father looked at his plan, and found that every evening was occupied. The earnest woman pressed her suit and gained it, the missionary agreeing for one night to give up a place in which he had apparently laboured in vain. Having named the day, the person departed; and my father went on his way. When it was too late to retrace his steps, it occurred

to him that he had neither the person's name nor residence. The appointed day arrived. Assured of God's willingness to guide him aright, he prayed for direction ; and then, having saddled his horse, went forth not knowing whither he went. The horse, left to itself, pursued its own course, and took apparently what turnings it pleased till it came to a large farmhouse. The owner was standing on a little hillock nigh by and looking earnestly at the traveller. The earnest look attracted the notice of the missionary, and he enquired if a preacher was expected there that day ; and found by the answer that he had come to the very house. The good man came and took charge of the horse, whilst within a homely and hearty welcome awaited him. A considerable number came together at the appointed hour to hear the man of God, several of whom became decided for God, and were joined together in church fellowship. Preaching services were regularly appointed ; and in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hamlyn of Gaulsom, the Wesleyan ministers found for

many years a hospitable home, and were made the ministers of God for good to the surrounding neighbourhood.

In a letter which my father sent to me containing this narrative, he observes that, "if Abraham was divinely directed when he left his own country, not knowing whither he went; if Jacob was directed to Laban's family; and the wise men of the East to the newborn King, then was I directed not only to the place and the house, but to the very man." He was through life remarkable for his simple confidence in God, and his undoubting faith in the power of prayer. Another instance may not be out of place, though it occurred some years after the preceding. During a week-night service in a country chapel, a female rose from her seat, and throwing herself down in the aisle, cried aloud for mercy. Some of the leaders endeavoured to raise her; but she vowed that she would not rise till God should set her soul at liberty. She was as thoroughly in earnest as, Thomas Adams says, the true penitent will be, who "resolves that her knees shall grow to



the pavement till mercy hath answered her from heaven." Prayer was offered on her behalf. Hour after hour passed, and still her distress continued, and also her resolve not to leave that place without a consciousness of sins forgiven. Most of the congregation had retired; the number left continued to minish till only two or three leaders remained. These continued wrestling with God till near the midnight hour, when the blessing was obtained, and the intensity of the woman's grief gave place to ecstasy of joy. The service closed, and the minister having to ride thirteen miles, and for the greater part across a dangerous common, started on his lonesome journey. He was entreated to remain at the place till daylight; but having promised to return, he would make the effort. The night was so dark that he could not see a single step before him. There was no regular road across the common, and in various parts there were several very deep bogs. Having come thus far, the horse showed signs of fear, and repeatedly drew back. The rider

alighted, and for some distance led the animal, slowly feeling his way. At that rate, the day would have dawned before he finished his journey. He therefore betook himself to prayer, and thus sought for light to help him on his way. He had been delayed through doing God's work, and to him it seemed a very fitting thing to ask God's guidance. Whilst he prayed he was encircled with light, and mounting his faithful horse, he speeded homewards, thanking God for the answer to prayer. For several days afterwards, there was much conversation about a certain hayrick that had mysteriously caught fire that very night. During the preceding day the owner had uttered some fearful oaths in connexion with it, and its destruction was regarded by many as a judgment of God. It may have been so, or it may have been kindled by some incendiary, but it certainly helped God's servant in his dark and dangerous journey.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE MINISTER'S HELPMET.

"Her children rise up, and call her blessed."

AFTER the Conference of 1808, Charles Haime removed to Taunton. This appointment was specially ordered by the Lord. He here met with one who through a long life proved a most valuable and devoted helpmeet. Her parents were at first greatly opposed to the Methodists, a sect at that time everywhere spoken against. The eldest daughter had been a member of the society for some years, and was married to Mr. Carey, of Pontypool, a man of deep piety, a local preacher and class-leader, and eminently useful in the church. These, however, were no recommendations to the parents, who also deemed his social position beneath the family.

The father was so indignant that for some time he would not forgive his daughter for having thus acted. At length affliction brought Mrs. Carey to the very verge of death; the father then relented, and the youngest daughter, Miss Rebecca Warren, was sent to be with her sister. Hitherto she had lived in the midst of worldly pleasures, and had sought her happiness therein. Fashionable attire, pursuits, and parties occupied all her time; card-playing and dancing were her favourite amusements. From such scenes to the humble home and the afflicted chamber of a pious Methodist, was a thorough change in every respect, and resulted in a most blessed change of heart and life. Ere this the vanity of life's pleasures had oftentimes been felt, and the wish expressed to hear the Methodists, but her parents would not permit. Now daily witnessing in her afflicted sister the power and blessedness of religion, its cheerful joy-imparting power, the conscience was deeply convinced, the spirit enlightened, the heart affected, the mind made up, and religion

cordially embraced. Miss Warren then and there cast in her lot with the people of God, joined the class met by her brother-in-law, and found peace with God through Jesus Christ on the 10th of December, 1806. At home the Divine Spirit was carrying on a similar work in the heart of another sister, Elizabeth, who afterwards became the wife of an estimable minister of Christ, the Rev. William Fowler. After some time my mother returned to her home, though unwillingly. At Pontypool she enjoyed many religious privileges, and in the domestic circle, as well as in the sanctuary, could seek spiritual encouragement and consolation; at home, her religious privileges would be curtailed, and in the family circle her religion would be despised and ridiculed. The cross, however, was nobly taken up and bravely borne. On arriving at Taunton, she at once identified herself with the Wesleyan society, and became a teacher in the Sabbath-school. Whilst friends opposed, God approved, and several of the young people in her class were led through her example and persua-

sion to give their hearts to God. Whilst blessing others her own soul was blessed. Her diary at this period is rich in breathings after God, interspersed with references to opposition and persecution from friends beloved. We might select many sentences which would show how keenly felt were the expressions of contempt and reproach which she had to endure, and yet how closely her soul clave unto the Lord. One or two quotations may suffice :—

“Nov. 11, 1808.—I have been for a few days in the company of carnal friends, but I find no union with them. I feel thankful to come out from among them, and suffer the reproach of Christ.

“Nov. 14th.—Since I wrote the above I have had a trial; but, glory be unto God! I feel nothing contrary to pure love. I can set to my seal that God is true.”

That there should have been much opposition from worldly friends is not surprising. The change was so striking that it could not be unnoticed. Miss R. Warren had been exceedingly blithesome and gay in spirit and

deportment. She was possessed of no ordinary share of beauty, which was set off to the best advantage, and rendered still more attractive by her bland and amiable disposition. She was the life of a circle of fashionable friends, and they naturally felt keenly as they saw her lay aside her gay attire, cut off her flowing ringlets, assume a style of dress most quakerlike in its plainness, though not in its costliness, and associate as sister, companion, and friend, with a poor and despised people. The change in dress and appearance was, without doubt, carried to an extreme, and created needless prejudice ; nevertheless, the error was on the right side : and words of warning would be a mere *beating the air*, since now-a-days Church members certainly show no tendency to extremes on the side of anti-worldliness. On the contrary, many of them rival the world in show, and are arrayed " in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day."

Charles Haime was at this time stationed in the Taunton Circuit, and, needing a helpmeet, if ever man did, had his attention

naturally drawn towards one who had thus come out from the world, and separated herself to the service of God. Proposals were made and accepted, and were evidently felt as a fresh reason for more entire consecration to the Divine service. Opposition on the part of her relatives was unabated, and when this engagement to the Methodist itinerant became known, that opposition increased; but she still held on her way. In the following year a class was entrusted to her care. The work was entered upon with prayerful fear, whilst at the same time she was greatly encouraged by a revival in her Bible class. To this she feelingly alludes in her diary:—

“Apr. 22, 1809. ‘What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?’ This evening my soul was blessed and encouraged by hearing some of the children in my Bible class express their desire to return to God. One came to me this evening with two others to whom the Lord had made me useful, and expressed a desire to receive instruction in Divine things. The Lord is indeed



at work with the children. I feel the need of more wisdom from God. Last evening I met the class, but felt it to be a great burden."

Another record equally cheering in its tendency occurs a few months later:—

"Aug. 6th. I feel my soul drawn out for the conversion of others. Three of the children in the Bible class have this day met for the first time in one of the Society classes. Four others are, I believe, in earnest about their souls. My mind is oppressed with the thought of leaving them. They are very near to me. May the Redeemer keep them close to his bleeding side, so that at last we may meet in heaven."

This is the last entry previous to her marriage, which took place on the 15th of the month. On the Saturday following they entered their new circuit. For nearly 45 years my mother continued to be a helpmeet indeed, managing all temporal concerns, that my father might devote himself more thoroughly to his great work. The children were intensely loved and anxiously, too

anxiously, cared for. It is to be feared that through such anxiety her end was hastened. I mourn a mother taken earlier away from earth than need have been. Few have lived so intensely and entirely for a beloved husband and family as the one whose memory is sacredly enshrined in the deepest affections of my heart. Her last illness was lingering and painful, but her soul was peaceful and triumphant. She was favoured with rich and cheering views of heaven. One morning as I stood by her bedside, she spoke of a vision of the heavenly paradise with which she had been privileged. She dwelt upon the beauty and fragrance of the flowers and the loveliness of the scenery. "The gate was closed, but I could look through," observed the suffering saint. On the 31st of May, 1854, the gate was opened, and her spirit entered into "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ITINERANT.

“They went everywhere preaching the word.”

THERE are circuits in Methodism in the present day in which the common appellation of the Wesleyan minister, “a travelling preacher,” seems a misnomer, and the Cornish phrase “a rounder” yet more so. In the days, however, of which we write such circuits were rarely, if ever, met with, and the Wesleyan minister was, without doubt, a *travelling preacher* through an extensive *round* of country, tramping from place to place, or more frequently going his round on horseback, with the usual accompaniment of saddlebags, containing a Bible and a volume of Wesley or Fletcher for private reading, and

sundry books for sale. If blessed with a comfortable home and a goodly helpmeet there, yet in that home they were almost strangers. Though in my boyish days Methodist circuits were far more limited in their range, yet I well remember the stir and excitement in the house at the expectation of father's return after his long rounds of earnest toil. Immediately after the marriage knot was tied, the happy couple set out for South Petherton, to which place Charles Haime had been appointed as superintendent of the circuit, with two young men as colleagues, who were to reside under the same roof. The circuit was extensive and exceedingly laborious. The minister would be out for six weeks, then home for a fortnight, and during that fortnight chiefly not at home. Whilst my father's time was thus fully occupied, my mother took an active part in the Sabbath-school. The cause of God in that neighbourhood was low, the members were few and widely scattered, and much of the time and strength of the preachers was spent in travelling from

place to place ; still the Lord was with them, and prospered their work.

During the second year my father had to go through Bristol and its neighbourhood on a begging expedition for Bridport chapel, which was then in the South Petherton round. This work was not to his taste, but there was a needs be for it ; and therefore he took it up right earnestly, and went about preaching in the different chapels, and soliciting subscriptions from house to house. He was welcomed by the Bristolians as the soldier's nephew ; and the soldier, John Haime, having been very popular with them, the Bridport chapel was somewhat advantaged thereby.

In Hill's arrangement, my father's name stood for South Petherton a third year ; but that was a mistake. Three years' appointments were then uncommon, and were objected to by him through nearly the whole of his ministry. He left the circuit with a nett increase of sixty-one members, beside several on trial ; his next appointment was in the county where his name will be long

remembered, and where thousands have blessed God for his ministry. Few ministers have ever laboured with more zeal, or been cheered with more abundant success. Two years were spent in Penzance, and a similar term in all the principal circuits of that district. Many places were specially endeared to him, even as his memory still remains dear to them. In every place he was known as the earnest minister and the indefatigable itinerant. The stormiest weather would not keep him from his appointment, nor would any opposition deter him from uttering the truth in all its plainness. He acquired much notoriety through his out-spoken plainness; and at the tidings of his approach field-labourers left their work to have a look at "The Thunderer." Such was the name commonly given to him, and with some appropriateness. He had a voice of thunder; and whilst few men dwelt more frequently or more fervently on the high privileges of believers, few surpassed him in solemnly unfolding the terrors of the Lord. Commissioned from on high he went forth,

a firm believer in those plain truths of Revelation which refer to the world's peril. Not to please the unholy, nor to spare the fastidious, would he soften these statements or withhold them; he would not alter through fear of offending the rich, who might contribute largely of their wealth, nor even the good, who might object to his unfoldings of the terrible. Such objections were sometimes made and repeated. Thus, after his first sermon in the principal chapel of a certain circuit, the stewards waited upon him, and assured him that such a style of preaching would not suit the people. The next Sabbath evening that he was appointed there, a larger congregation was assembled, a sermon yet more terrible was delivered; and the affrighted stewards made a second appeal to the strange Boanerges that had come among them, assuring him that if he persisted in preaching after that fashion the chapel would soon be emptied. At the next appointment the chapel, far from being forsaken, was crowded, the power of God accompanied the word, sinners cried about

for mercy ; and the leaders and stewards, beholding the arm of God made bare in the salvation of souls, joined in the glorious work, and bade the fearless man God speed. On another occasion, a rich man who gave largely to the circuit funds, deemed himself personally referred to in the sermon. Greatly offended, he followed my father to his home, and there gave vent to his excited feelings in words by no means smooth or gentlemanly. The reply, however, betokened nothing of fear : " I knew not that you were in the chapel, but if the cap fitted, wear it." Fault finders were held by him in great abhorrence, and were oftentimes roughly handled. Over the mantelpiece in the sitting-room there hung a legible caution to tale-bearers, and if this silent warning was not sufficient, a louder and keener one was apt to follow. A crabbed croaker came to him one day with a long list of complaints against several members of society. It seemed as though every one were wrong except himself. The minister thought otherwise, and cut him short with the severe rebuke, " Brother M.,



you have surely been to the devil and borrowed a pair of his spectacles ; for everything and everybody which you look at appear black." It may be admitted that, in the replies of the earnest reprover of wrong, there was sometimes a lack of fine feeling and courteous manner ; and this is to be regretted. The Christian pastor and preacher may surely blend perfect faithfulness with perfect politeness, the "*fideliter in re*" with the "*suaviter in modo*." He may be, under all circumstances and in all circles, the faithful reprover of sin, and yet the thorough gentleman. Were it otherwise, we would say, At all costs give us faithfulness in those who minister in holy things. Their mission is not to please, but to profit ; not to lull souls into fatal security by the sweet flowing melody of a one-sided gospel, but by thorough utterances of the truth to warn them from the hell-bound path, and guide them into the way of peace, and then on to the gate of glory. This Charles Haime did successfully, through God's help. He preached the Gospel in its fulness of freely offered mercy and

soul-purifying grace. He delighted to expatiate on the atonement, and its God-glorifying, man-exalting purposes. The Epistle to the Hebrews was his favourite text-book, though there he did not overlook such solemn words as these: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;" "Our God is a consuming fire." The Saviour's declaration, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," seemed to have been written upon his soul by the finger of God. It was the thrilling conviction which prompted him to ardent labour. The late Rev. Samuel Jackson once said to the writer, "When your father commenced his labours, he set to as though he would convert all England." The clear-sighted, soul-thrilling perception of the world's danger, combined with heart-felt, work-prompting faith in the all-sufficiency of the Gospel remedy, was the unfailing motive which impelled him on in his course of happy, honourable toil. He in this respect answered Cecil's description of the true minister: "Faith is the master-spring

of a minister. Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies. Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from rushing into this bottomless abyss. He sends me to proclaim his ability and love. I want no fourth idea. Every fourth idea is contemptible. Every fourth idea is a grand impertinence!" To save souls from death was, without doubt, the labour of his life, and therein God gave him great success. Whilst he pealed forth the thunders of the law, many a sleeper was aroused to a sense of danger, and, unable to conceal or restrain his emotions, cried aloud for mercy. With a spiritual arm of no common strength, he wielded the hammer of the word, and many adamant hearts were broken. With thorough earnestness he handled the sword of the Spirit, and if the manner was not the most graceful, yet it was surely effective, and oftentimes cut its way to the very core of the sinner's heart.

His power in dealing with the souls of the ungodly was expressed in very forceful, though very homely phrase, by a country

Methodist who had been converted to God through his instrumentality. He was in company with several others, when the conversation turned upon favourite preachers. Several had mentioned their favourites, and assigned the reasons for such preference, when this good man said, "Of all the preachers I ever heard, I prefer Charles Haime. He takes hold of the sinner's conscience, and wrings it like a dishclout." The description savours rather too strongly of the back-kitchen, but is nevertheless very expressive and truthful. In thousands of instances he was thus enabled by the Spirit's power to wring the guilt-stained conscience, and streams of penitential sorrow have gushed forth; then, cleansed in Jesus' blood and arrayed in the robe of Jesus' righteousness, they have gone forth as new creatures in Christ Jesus to do the Master's will.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE REVIVALIST.

"He spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus."

My father is well known in Cornwall as the revivalist, though he would scarcely be deemed up to the mark by a certain class of so-called revivalists in the present day. He thought more of prayer before preaching than after, and unless sinners manifested some concern for salvation before the close of the ordinary service, he seldom prolonged it.

It was in the Redruth circuit that he was most remarkably owned of God in the Great Revival. In one year, the society increased from 1,980 members to 4,408. A great number of these ascribed their conversion to the ministry of Charles Haime under the influences of the Spirit. The ministers,

however, were thoroughly one in fervent prayer and earnest effort, one also in grateful praise to the Giver of success. For a considerable time the chapel was opened night and day, and broken-hearted penitents flocked thereto, if haply they might find mercy there. The ministers took their turns in this glorious service; one retiring for rest and refreshment, and then returning to relieve another who would be weary *in*, though not *of*, this noble work. The leaders and members also threw themselves into the movement with godly zeal. The curse of Meroz would not light on them. "We found," says Charles Haime, "a prepared church." Francis Truscott, John Slater, and Seth Morris were his co-presbyters. The following is Mr. Truscott's account of the movement. "We were favoured with such an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit as I never before witnessed. In the course of about two months, not less than 2,500 persons were added to our societies in that circuit." Other references to this remarkable revival are found in the "Wesleyan

Magazine" for 1814, in Robert Young's "Showers of Blessing," and in Dr. Smith's "History of Methodism." The newspapers of the day also took notice of the movement, and in one of them, "The General Evening Post," a very lengthy letter was inserted, berating the revival in no measured terms, just as others have berated modern revivals, and probably for the same reason; "the carnal mind is enmity against God." Dr. Smith states that "there was more than usual seriousness perceptible among the people, and their religious assemblies were characterised by great solemnity. But nothing beyond this was observed until Sunday, Feb. 13, 1814, when, in the society meeting held in Redruth Chapel after the evening preaching, Mr. Haime, the minister, mentioned some pleasing instances of visible good in several parts of the circuit. Whilst this was going on, one young woman who had been several weeks in great sorrow, through a deep conviction of her sin and danger, began to cry aloud for mercy." Very similar is the Rev. Robt. Young's account of

the commencement of this work; but the letter, by one who styles himself "Sobrius," gives a somewhat different version: "At what is commonly called a prayer meeting, a woman who had the preceding evening buried her husband, made a great outcry for the miserable end she supposed him to have made in consequence of his former life, which, I believe, was by no means what it ought to have been." That there may have been such a case amongst the many who were mightily moved to seek mercy is very likely. Farther on in this not very sober account of the revival, the preachers are described as "constraining" the people "by violence to partake of the regenerating influence; nor did one sun or one moon in their course witness the conclusion of this pious revelry. The meeting-house was not closed, but full and resounding with these orgies for a fortnight; nor did it end here. This animal magnetic sympathy, if I may be allowed the term, communicated like wild-fire through all the neighbouring houses, by people coming from different parts to view



this extraordinary scene, who being touched with the contagion were borne along with them. Miners and ball-maids were found shrieking, and gathering people about them. These, in turn, being infected, acted over the disorderly scenes." The writer then describes the strange infection as spreading through the county, and raging with undiminished power down to the Land's End. He lays the blame of the matter on a certain Boanerges that the Conference had sent to Redruth, whose style had frightened the people, and produced this fearful commotion. Were the subject less serious, the closing paragraphs of the letter would be amusing as an outsider's view of Methodism and revivals. We give his words: "This outrage to religion has given offence to all sober people, and cannot be contemplated but with some apprehension, whether we consider it in a moral, religious, or political view. I am sorry to hear the cant of the times of the Usurper Cromwell on every side. There is nothing now but 'finding the Lord,' 'religious convictions,' 'being set at liberty,'

and all the cant of those unhappy times. And, no doubt to prevent all rational discussion on the subject, it is called by the party 'the work of God;' but it is impossible that such horrible and disgraceful scenes as these have produced, can be entitled to such an honourable appellation. All the evils of enthusiasm that now abound arise from the itinerant system: at every Conference the preachers are changed; and in those districts where Methodism is found to flag, it is the custom to send there preachers of more active zeal than their predecessors to produce a revival to increase their ranks. The sobriety of one set of preachers is by no means a security for another. The admirable system John Wesley adopted gives every facility to arrangement and effect; and the preachers know well how to use it to the best advantage. The consequences of which some time or other will be fatal to the present order of things; and Church and State will feel it to their very centre."

A copy of the letter, from which we have quoted thus largely, was sent to the

Boanerges referred to by the late Rev. J. W. Cloake, who was then labouring in the Helstone circuit. His remarks appended thereto, breathe the spirit of the true Methodist. "The blessed work, stigmatized by so many opprobrious epithets in the above letter, still goes on in many places in our circuit. Oh! that it might mightily prevail everywhere, until all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest; and as to 'the present order of things, Church and State,' I care but little, provided truth prevails, grace reigns, Satan's kingdom falls, and sinners are saved by grace; which may God grant, through Jesus Christ. Amen. Amen."

Opposition to the Established Church, or to any other church which holds the Head, even Jesus, forms no part of the creed or policy of a true Methodist. Our work is neither to bolster up nor to pull down; neither to enter the political arena, fighting for or against establishments, but with sincere zeal to preach the truth which saves and sanctifies; and let that truth, silently it may

be, but surely and safely, permeate and mould the Church as the Lord will. In this sense, we pray that "Church and State" may feel the influence of revivals to "their very centre," and "the present order of things" shall be improved thereby.

We do not feel bound to justify all the modes which have been adopted by good people to secure revivals. Many of the special services, held for this purpose, have been characterised by much that would make the reverent and godly Christian mourn. Songs have been sung, and prayers offered, and assertions made, that must be sorely painful to an enlightened mind, and grievously dishonouring to the Divine Spirit. Certain parties are sought after for the purpose of getting up a revival. To secure their aid seems more essential than to secure the Spirit's presence. All this we condemn, and the subject of this Memoir condemned. He said to the writer on one occasion, after leaving such a scene, "I have no faith in these hot-bed conversions;" but he had faith in the power of prayer to secure the power

of the Spirit, which should make the preached word the power of God unto salvation. Believing this, he acted accordingly, and in every circuit rejoiced in the salvation of many souls.

Though we do not deem the prosperity of the Church, as seen in its numerical increase, a sure token whereby we may distinguish the God-sent from the man-made minister, since God may permit some to cast out devils, to whom He shall hereafter say, "I know you not;" and, on the other hand, may allow some to labour, apparently in vain, to whom He will hereafter say, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" yet we think it worthy of note, that in every sphere of labour save one, he was favoured with this cheering token.

Had he wished to boast of being in the apostolical succession, he could have made a far better claim thereto than many who deem themselves the only ministers of Christ and the true successors of the apostles. He was surely unto multitudes a God-sent minister, "To open their eyes and to turn them from

darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." In this work God gave him great success.

Amongst his papers was the following list of the circuits in which he laboured, with the numbers which he found and left in each :—

	Found	Left
Ashburton . . . . .	173	174
Bideford . . . . .	30	134
Taunton . . . . .	426	446
S. Petherton . . . . .	153	314
Penzance . . . . .	1,363	2,247
Redruth . . . . .	1,980	5,000
Truro . . . . .	2,800	2,700
Helstone . . . . .	2,289	2,838
Poole . . . . .	450	482
Salisbury . . . . .	500	550
Barnstaple . . . . .	420	440
Merthyr . . . . .	235	330
Kingston . . . . .	289	363
Brecon . . . . .	232	320
Wednesbury . . . . .	1,500	1,600
Abergavenny . . . . .	440	708

	Found		Left
Bradford (Wilts) . .	633	..	744
Newport (Mon.) . .	300	..	400
	<u>14,213</u>		<u>19,790</u>

Thus showing a nett increase of 5,577.

To God alone be the glory !

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MAN OF PRAYER.

“The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”

DR. NEWTON once said, that few ministers had been more successful in saving souls than Charles Haime. If, however, we would discover the secret of his success, we must search for it beneath the shadow of the mercy-seat. He was not a man of vast intellectual power or high literary attainments; but he prayed. It is true that he possessed a more than ordinary share of physical strength, a good degree of common sense, a commanding appearance, a powerful voice, a ready utterance, and also a thorough acquaintance with the standard writings of Methodism, and especially with the word of



God. To bring forth the meaning of that word he laboured night and day, and not in vain ; he brought beaten oil to the sanctuary. Many of his sermons bespoke deep thought and careful study ; they were the labour of weeks ; but, unless on a sudden emergency, were never delivered without the outline being afresh thought through, and a blessing implored thereon. It was his custom to pass from the study to the closet, and there strive to get his theme imbued with power from on high. On bended knee he preached the sermon to his own heart, and was thus prepared to preach it to the hearts of others.

Whatever defects there may have been in his discourses, they were not open to the keen, though kind reproof, given by an aged divine to a young licentiate, who, having thrown off a very polished sermon in the presence of the venerable pastor, afterwards solicited the criticism of his experienced friend, and was met with the reply : " I have but just one remark to make, and that is, to request you to pray that sermon." " What do you mean, sir ?" exclaimed the youth.

The rejoinder was : " I mean literally just what I say ; pray it if you can." The young man was sorely puzzled, but deeply impressed with the idea of praying his sermon. He resolved to make the attempt. He laid his manuscript before him, and on his knees endeavoured to turn it into a prayer. But it would not pray ; the spirit of prayer was not in it ; for the spirit of prayer had nothing to do with composing it. He saw his error, and resolved to amend. Prayerfully seeking grace from above, he gave himself afresh to his work. Once more he preached in the presence of the pious pastor who had given such quaint but wholesome advice. His criticism was again solicited, and the reply was : " I have no remarks to make ; you can pray that sermon." Charles Haime not only could, but did pray his sermons ; yea, more, he not only sought to have his discourses steeped in that influence which prayer could secure, but he desired to have the sanctuary richly filled with the same power from above. Many a time when his family thought that he was staying out in the circuit, he has returned

at night, and having obtained entrance into the chapel, has tarried within its walls till the dawning of the day, pleading with God for the spiritual prosperity of the people to whom he ministered. No wonder that Jacob's plan secured to him Israel's power. By prayer he sought to have the sanctuary prepared for the people; and then, at the hour of public worship, entering the sacred spot which had been the scene of his night wrestlings, he again pleaded with God in the presence of the people. He ever prayed as one who knew God and was known of Him; he was well up with the promises, and made good use of them; his intercessions were remarkably scriptural, and oftentimes intensely powerful. If, at the close of the Sabbath evening discourse, there were no marks of signs following, his last prayer would be a prolonged wrestling with God for the outpouring of the Spirit. Many have referred to those prayers as manifestations of special power with God for man. Under them many a heart has been broken, and many a contrite sinner has cried out for mercy. If such signs

were not bestowed, he would frequently retire to his closet, and there continue his pleadings.

In his latter days he oftentimes endeavoured to impress upon his sons, who were preparing for the ministry, the importance of prayer, that they might be borne on in their work by the influence of the Spirit. An extract from a letter written to the younger, who was then residing in Richmond College, will not be out of place: "What is a man in the pulpit without the Holy Ghost? he may have learning, eloquence, address, talents; entertainment is nothing, profit everything; without this we hear an agreeable sound, but there is no life; we see light, but feel no heat; the words are acceptable, but they do not burn; whilst the same words from a man full of the Holy Ghost would be as a fire, and as a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces. This Spirit is promised; let us ask, seek, knock." The worth of such advice as this had been proved by him through a long and useful life. Having followed my father in several circuits, I have in every place been pleased with cheering testimonies of his power in

prayer, and his love thereto. A devoted saint at Bideford, whose house was one of his homes when preaching there, told me that frequently, when staying at her home, he would spend much time in his chamber, engaged in fervent communing with the Most High. On one occasion, as he left this closet, he passed through the sitting-room in which this lady was. His face seemed lit up with a holy radiance; his hands were clasped together, and, unconscious that any one was in the room, he continued his communings with the Invisible, exclaiming, "O God, who that knows thee would not love thee!" In such a spirit he went about his work, desiring, above all things, to bring men to the knowledge of the only true God. It is surely no marvel that his success was great. "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock. As the holy flock, as the flock of Jerusalem in her solemn feasts; so shall the waste cities be filled with flocks of men: and they shall know that I am the Lord."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SUPERNUMERARY.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

At the Conference of 1839, my father retired from the full work of the ministry and became a supernumerary.

We greatly wish that this name could be changed for one less grating in its sound and signification. The phrase adopted by the French Conference seems far more graceful and appropriate, "*ministre en retraite*." "One above the number" sounds rather like one in the way. Such is not the feeling of those still in the ranks towards these honoured men, and we therefore wish that the name which they bear should, if possible, imply the place which they occupy in our affections and esteem. For many summers after

my father's retirement, he did more than many who were professedly in the full work; but in the winter months he was constrained to draw in by a severe asthmatic cough, the foundation of which was laid in his younger days through sleeping in a damp bed.

In the spring of 1844 he yielded to repeated solicitations, and visited the scene of his earlier labours and success. He was warmly welcomed by thousands, and amid the excitement seemed to renew the vigour of his youth. He had cause to rejoice in abundant proofs that the great revival of 1813-14, in which he bore so prominent a part, was a genuine work of God. A few extracts from his letters will best describe the services in which he engaged, and the scenes which greatly cheered him.

"Frogpool, March 24, 1844.

"I came to Mr. Blainey's on Saturday, a home fit for a prince; their kindness beggars all description. . . . Had an interview with the Dr.\* He is a most agreeable man,

\* Dr. Hannah.

and a most powerful and energetic preacher. O how he laboured to do good! His prayer was equal to anything that I ever heard. In the afternoon I went to the chapel; there were a thousand outside that could not get in, and another thousand squeezed in. I wanted some one to take the pulpit, and I would preach outside; but the money was in the way. I could not get in at the door; so I got in at the window, and went over the people's heads to the pulpit. After the service, numbers came who had received their first note from me."

"Redruth, April 6, 1844.

"Monday I was at Falmouth, Tuesday preached at Frogpool for the last time, Wednesday at Kerley. Went to the large chapel. When I had got half-way up the aisle, I would have got out if I could. I did not see how I was to get to the pulpit. The stairs broke down through the weight upon them. Thursday I went to Ponsanooth, and preached there on the Friday morning. When I got into the pulpit the sight over-



whelmed me. I had a little strength and a weeping time. . . . A number of aged saints came weeping around me at the close of the service. I went thence to Gwennap through a flood of rain. I was not sorry if it should keep some away, and so it did; but, though the chapel will hold thousands, yet it was crowded above and below. I began with all the voice and strength I had, and after a few minutes I had the strength of a giant. I am now at Redruth. To-morrow I shall preach in the largest chapel in the county. It is expected to be very full. I require more grace and nerve than I have. Lord, help me! In spite of myself I must preach every night next week. I shall be looking towards home after the 14th."

The kindness which he received from all parties, and the special entreaties of many led my father to think of making Cornwall his home. It is the subject of one of his letters, which we give, in proof, if needs be, that supernumerary ministers are not always forgotten by the people to whom they have ministered in former years.

“Bridge, April 11, 1844.

“What would you think of coming into Cornwall? Mr. Wm. Rowe and his excellent lady want us for neighbours. Mr. R. is one of my children. He has built a new house not far from his own: there is a large garden and a small orchard; southern aspect. When it was said that I was coming, Mrs. R. said, ‘We will give the house to Mr. and Mrs. Haime.’ It has never been used; and they very much wish us to take it for life as a free gift.”

But for family considerations the offer would have been accepted.

The supernumerary had fresh work pressed upon him, and was unable to say No to all claimants. Instead of returning on the 14th, he continued labouring on. On the 15th he writes from Tuckingmill:—

“I have got through another Sunday: Gwennap, morning; Tuckingmill at night. At 4 o'clock they were going by thousands; at 5 o'clock the chapel was full, and the people returning because they could not get in: hundreds went away. I have been

pressed to preach at Redruth to-night, but I cannot. I have worked myself almost to death, and now I am determined to rest. I have thoughts of taking the 'Brilliant,' and coming to Bristol on Friday. I have another pressing letter from the chairman. The St. Ives' friends are very desirous that I should come there, but I cannot stand the work. No chapel will hold the congregations. I have told Mr. Rowe that when my family came home I should want more room; he offers to build four more rooms. Captain T. will bring all our goods for nothing."

Mr. Rowe's offer was again declined through the mother's self-sacrificing, all-sacrificing love for her children, several of whom were settled in and around Newport.

On the 19th he again writes home:—

"You do not know the difficulty that I have to get away. The president, Mr. Scott, says that I should go through the county. I heard him on Wednesday at Tuckingmill. O what a preacher! what a serene, loving, lovely man! The 'Brilliant' leaves to day, but I cannot get away. Next

Tuesday morning I shall take the 'Herald' at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6, and be at home Wednesday or Thursday."

A letter, however, came home instead of himself. We give an extract from it:—

"Providence is determined that I shall not come home this week. I preached at St. Earth Sunday morning, and at Hayle Copperhouse at night. Great good was done; a revival began, and is still going on. The kindness of the friends is beyond description; but I want to be at home. Tuesday morning Mr. Goldsworth drove me to Hayle to take the packet; it was to start at 7. I stayed on board till 9. Then she would sail at 7 o'clock the following morning. Came accordingly; 9 o'clock we started; but something broke, and we were stuck fast in the sea. We got into boats, and put into St. Ives. They had done all they could to get me here, and I would not; but Providence was determined that I should come. They have me now, and here I must stay to open a new chapel; so I have four more sermons to preach, two on Sunday and two on Monday,

and then Tuesday morning I shall try again to come home."

On Tuesday father succeeded in coming home, thoroughly worn out, but abundantly cheered and blessed through the many proofs which he had received during his Cornish tour, that he had not laboured in vain.

In 1846 death entered his house, and gathered the fairest flower that bloomed therein—the youngest daughter and child. Her affliction was painful and protracted, but grace triumphed. She was often heard during the night watches saying to herself—

"Corruption, earth, and worms  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh."

She was a lovely and much-loved girl, in the 17th year of her age, and accustomed to look on the world as a land of flowers and sunshine; nevertheless she was resigned, yea, willing to die. To one of her brothers she said, "I care not how soon death comes, to-day or to-morrow." "O Lord, thy will be done!" To a much-loved sister she said,

"The doctor says that I must die ; but I shall go to Jesus." To her mother, for whom she felt and evinced much affection, she said, "Mother, we must part ; but I can leave you to go to Jesus." With many such sayings she comforted her comforters. On the 20th of May her spirit took its flight to the realm of everlasting health and happiness. This was the first time that death had entered my father's house ; and as it took away the child of his old age, and the darling of the family, the much-loved Etty, the father mourned sorely and exceedingly before the Lord. He could *do*, far better than he could *suffer*.

The infirmities of age now crept on apace ; but zeal for the salvation of souls and the welfare of Zion continued unabated. Times of severe trial came. Strife and contention took the place of faith and love in many a congregation ; and the soul of the earnest man was deeply moved and painfully distressed. He thus writes to one of his sons, then at Richmond College :—

"It is time to sound an alarm in Zion.

Many of our members are only half-Methodists; I fear they have not the holiness which would admit them into the presence of a holy God. Could I be thrown back fifty years, without much learning or refinement, I would try what a little plain, powerful preaching would do. I have seen scores, hundreds, thousands fall before it. I worked hard whilst I was able. I can do but little now. Take care of your health; when that is gone we are not worth much. Do not spend precious strength in thrashing turn-pike roads, but reserve it for thrashing the mountains of sin. O for an abundant effusion of the Spirit of God!"

The following advice concerning penitents was contained in a letter written about the same time. We record it not only for its sterling worth, but as descriptive of the man and his work. Some downy divines may deem the treatment rough and likely to give offence. We deem it wholesome, and venture to think that, if it were generally acted upon, we should not have so many church members scarcely conscious of any spiritual life.

“ In dealing with penitents, endeavour to empty them of all self-righteousness ; every false foundation must be removed ere they will build on Christ. Endeavour to throw them into deep convictions, into strong sorrow and fear. The stronger the conviction the speedier the deliverance, for none so soon receive the peace of God as those who refuse all other comfort. Exhort them to pray for the Spirit, that they may believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. We can only explain the nature of faith up to a certain point ; we can only bring the inquirer to the door of the most holy place. There he must be taken by the Spirit, who alone can conduct him into the interior, and reveal its glories to his mind. How needful that we should have the Spirit’s direct operations in all our attempts to save souls. Get this, and we shall be happy and useful.”

We add another letter indicative of the piety which the aged saint constantly enjoyed ; it betokens undiminished zeal and love of labour.



“ November 8, 1849.

“ MY DEAR FREDERICK,

“ ‘Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ : Grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied.’ Let it be our principle to abide in Christ, to yield ourselves to the Holy Spirit for all His ends, to walk with God in true fellowship ; to hold all things and relations as God’s property, to count everything loss that we may fulfil our ministry, to make Christ crucified our constant theme. Christmas is coming ; we shall be glad to see and hear you. We shall find something for you to do, if it is only to help me. I have to walk eighteen miles next Lord’s day. Kind regards to the Governor, and Dr. Bunting, when you see him ; he was always kind to me.”

The kindness shown to him by several of the leading ministers was deeply felt by him, and ofttimes referred to. He had been very thoroughly devoted to the work of his circuits. He knew his work, and kept to it so

closely that he was seldom found in Connexional gatherings of any sort. He had been very many years in the ministry before he attended a Conference, and then only for a day or two at the earnest request of his circuit. As he entered the Conference the president, Dr. Bunting, met him, and gave him kindly greeting as a stranger, yet not unknown, saying, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee." He stated his business, which was to secure the removal of a brother who was appointed to labour with him, and whom the circuit objected to. The objection was deemed valid, and the laconic answer given, "You toss him, and I'll catch him." This work done, the circuit preacher returned to his loved circuit work. He was no legislator, and he knew it. He was frequently appointed to the superintendency of circuits; and he succeeded therein by working heartily, keeping others at work, and giving good heed to Wesley's injunction, "Do not mend our rules, but keep them for conscience' sake."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE END.

"He that keepeth my sayings shall never see death."

My father's closing years were spent amid the clouds and storms which beset our Connexion awhile ago. His mind was deeply pained and sorely agitated thereby. Instances of most imprudent zeal, on the part of some Conference supporters, also grieved him greatly, and caused him sometimes to speak unadvisedly with his lips. Earnest and agonizing were his prayers at the mercy-seat. In the closet and at the family altar he would wrestle for Zion, for he was a father in Zion, and felt for the children. Some who intended to quench the fire of radicalism, but only increased it by their wrathful utterances and imprudent doings,

caused him to speak in such a way on one or two occasions, that some so-called reformers imagined that they should find in him a supporter; but they knew not the man. That the Society needed purging, he deeply felt; but he also felt, that such work needed much wisdom and love, caution and prayer. Because some in the church were out of sorts, he would not dose everybody with blue pills and black draughts; and yet such was the practice of a certain individual. Societies that were in peace, knowing nothing about the agitation, were plentifully crammed with anti-radical pamphlets, and feeling very queer, they went after Kaye's pills, and got worse. He said to me during the agitation, "We have much rubbish among us, which needs to be removed." It is matter for deep regret, that in that circuit some very valuable stones were swept away with the rubbish.

After the separation came, Charles Haime went on as aforetime. He signed a certain declaration, as he had done in 1835. During the former agitation, he entered the house

of one of his church members, and found a paper lying on the table, called "The Christian Advocate;" he took out his pen, crossed off the word Christian, and wrote instead the more fitting name of *the slanderer*,—The Devil's Advocate. During the latter agitation, having entered a shop where a large placard of the self-styled reformers was exhibited, bearing the name of Wesley, he exclaimed, "Wesley! what a lie! Wesley would have had nothing to do with such a movement!" On another occasion, returning from his place of worship, he was accosted by a member of another church, who really sympathized with the agitators, but pretended to feel great regret that our body should be thus distracted. "It must do you great injury," said the individual. "No," replied the outspoken man, "I think not; it is not pleasant, but we shall do better afterwards: sinks are not pleasant, but they carry off the foul water."

In 1854, my father lost the wife of his youth, the devoted companion of his life, and he was indeed bereaved.

Accustomed to have everything provided for him—most literally to take no thought what he should eat or drink, or wherewithal he should be clothed, he now seemed to be in a state of pitiable helplessness. Had he gone to live with one of his children, it would have been better ; but in compliance with the dying mother's request, he wished to retain his house : and the remaining portion of his life was much clouded, though still he maintained intercourse with God, and spiritual uprightness.

When eighty years of age, he paid another visit to Cornwall, spent a few weeks with his youngest son, who was then one of the ministers at St. Agnes. He hoped to have preached again in his favourite county, but health failed. Once and again he prayed in public with extraordinary power, and then returned home to die.

On the 5th of November, 1855, the Rev. John Harding called to see him, and found him exceedingly weak. After some conversation, they knelt together at the mercy-seat, and prayed. Shortly after Mr. Harding left ;

and my father rose from his chair, and lay down upon the sofa, and slept sweetly. Two or three of the family were in the room, conversing together in quiet undertone, that they might not disturb the sleeper. After some time, one of his daughters, Mrs. Fulford, passed near him, and laid her hand upon his head, and started back in sore affright. She had said just before, "How sweetly father sleeps," but little thought that it was as when Lazarus slept. The head was cold, the heart was still. "He was not, for God took him." Thus died Charles Haime, after having enjoyed the saving power of the Gospel for fifty-eight years, and preached it to others for fifty-four years. His end was sudden, and, we doubt not, in accordance with his own wish. Whilst in his garden, fondly gazing upon some flower which he had reared, or walking along the road, or sitting in the old arm-chair, I have heard him repeatedly saying to himself, "He that keepeth my sayings shall not see death." He would throw special emphasis on the closing words. I never asked what he

thought of that word of Christ's; he knew not that I heard him. He may have feared a lingering affliction; if so, may he not have been "heard in that he feared?" His end was sudden and safe. This was indeed

"All bliss without a pang to cloud it,  
All joy without a pain to shroud it,  
Not slain, but caught up as it were  
To meet his Saviour in the air."

Frequent reference has been made to the results of my father's ministry. We might have easily enlarged the volume with such statements. The following has been sent to me recently:—"In South Molton a man was very much enraged at the reports of Mr. H.'s preaching. He said that he would knock him down and silence him for ever. His wife replied, 'You should not go by hearsay; go and hear him for yourself; for if Mr. Haime is right, you are very wrong.' The man went to hear for himself, became a changed man, and a zealous local preacher."

Many persons have expressed a wish that sermons which produced such immediate results should be published. Charles Haime's



manuscripts are little more than outlines, and would give a very faint idea of his preaching power. He drew out the plan of his discourse, strung together a few plain, strong truths, and then in closet prayer sought the power to unfold and press them home to the consciences of the people. When fired by his theme, he became truly eloquent. We give an outline of one of his discourses.

“Mat. vii. 21. ‘Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord,’ &c. The kingdom of heaven, that is, the place where angels and the spirits of just men made perfect dwell; or the kingdom of hell, that is, the place where fallen angels dwell, will shortly receive all mankind. The far greater part who have come to years are going hellward, the willing slaves of sin and Satan. Our Lord asserts this in the preceding verse. ‘Enter ye in,’ &c. —how strait the gate, how narrow the way! None can enter there but those who are stripped of worldly lusts. How should we dread the thought of following the multitude to do evil, lest we follow them into hell. Our Lord speaks of two classes,—those who

shall, and those who shall not, enter into the kingdom of heaven. We have here the way to heaven and hell.

“I. What may be implied in saying, Lord, Lord. II. What is the will of God.

“I. To say, Lord, implies that we have a form of religion; we may read and pray in our families, assemble with the people, hear as God’s people do apparently, put on the face of a saint and have the heart of a devil, full of pride, lust, worldly mindedness, earthly, sensual, devilish. They may talk largely about religion, speak of experience, though their hearts condemn them. May come to the sacred ordinance of the Lord’s Supper, but if the Lord were there in his bodily presence, he would say to such, ‘Friend, how camest thou in hither?’

“But we would take special note of our Lord’s words, that the Holy Spirit may convey His own meaning with respect to the word, ‘Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord.’ It implies a form of religion which requires words. It is, 1. A confession of sin. The Scripture moveth us in sundry places to

acknowledge and confess our sins ; Jer. ii. 19, Dan. ix. 9, Luke xv. 18, 1 John i. 9 ; but this may be done deceitfully. To confess and not forsake, is only saying, ' Lord, Lord.'

"2. Prayer, a duty and privilege. If offered to the lost, how would they embrace it! But there may be prayer in which the heart is not engaged ; thus the Pharisees prayed ; thus we may pray with flow of language and much fervour, but if our lives are not consistent it is an abomination. Such persons may find their characters described by our Lord, Mat. xv. 7. They are merely saying ' Lord, Lord.'

"3. Singing. This is a part of religious worship. David was a man of praise, so was Paul. ' I will sing with the spirit,' &c. This service rightly conducted, resembles that of the heavenly hosts ; but we may join therein without the heart being engaged. Some are busy with their notes and books, time, tune, and each other, but look no farther ; they are merely saying ' Lord, Lord.'

"4. Reading the Scripture. This is a duty enjoined by God. Our Lord says,

‘Search the Scriptures;’ the Bereans are commended for thus acting. ‘Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord,’ &c. ; it is profitable for doctrine, able to make wise unto salvation ; but some read it carelessly, and increase their guilt by slighting a talent which God has put into their hands.

“ 5. Preaching the Gospel.

“ II. The will of God. It is necessary that we should know this that we may do it. This is clearly revealed in His word.

“ 1. It is the will of God that we should repent. He has nowhere promised mercy to the impenitent, but he has to the penitent. ‘Repent and turn yourselves from your iniquities, so sin shall not be your ruin ;’ ‘turn and live.’ This was the doctrine of our Lord and his apostles. Its necessity is so great, that we cannot be saved without it.

“ 2. It is the will of God that we should believe. We may talk about faith. May say that we believe in God and his attributes, in the incarnation of Jesus, his life and death, his resurrection and ascension, &c.

Liars, swearers, sabbath breakers believe this. Devils believe this, and tremble ; but the faith according to God's will is a living active faith, which saves from sin, which leads the soul to Christ for justification and holiness.

"If we may attend to the means, and yet be shut out of the kingdom, what will become of those who neglect the means? May not be said of such, 'Their paths lead down to death ; their steps take hold on hell?'

"I have pointed out what religion is and what it is not. The road to heaven and the road to hell. If you go on trusting in your own strength till too late, you see your danger ; it will not be for want of a faithful friend to warn you."

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